

# Northern Messenger

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## What it Means to be a Missionary in the Orient

(By Jessie Ackermann, in 'Union Signal'.)

When the W. C. T. U. missionaries start out around the world, with their sole basis of supply an everlasting faith in the eternal God, and a firm belief in a definite call to go, it takes downright courage. To stand on the unpopular side of a most unpopular question requires courage under the most favorable circumstances, but to start out alone without financial provision of any sort, scarcely knowing where one will land or where one will go when landed, requires a peculiar kind of faith and the largest measure of courage. My heart has always been deeply touched when I have read or heard of any woman about to start in this way, but I

ers what it means to be a missionary, and I pass it on.

When Hudson Taylor, who is known as the 'modern St. Paul,' because of his great missionary and preaching journeyings, established the China Inland Mission, he adopted the custom, the wisdom of which has been questioned, of wearing clothes cut after the fashion of the natives, and all missionaries representing that mission followed his example.

Some time ago a young man landed in Shanghai from Scotland, and was sent far inland. Not long after, some workers reached there from Australia and were also sent inland to the same station. Together these young people worked, baptized with the same spirit of zeal, until a fatal day dawned, upon which they were obliged to flee for

the edge of the cave, and two fierce, great rolling eyes glared upon her. When the face was withdrawn she aroused the sleepers, and knowing they had been discovered, they decided to venture into the open when night came and search for another place of safety. When the night was far spent and they had walked twenty miles a heavy thunder and lightning storm came on and rain fell in torrents. By means of the flashes they groped along until morning dawned by which time they were near two caves. Into one of these the ladies crept, every shred of their clothing drenched. They managed, when the sun came out, to dry their clothing, but having been separated from their boy they had no food for three days.

Facing starvation they decided to make one bold strike for life, and in case of failure to meet death together. They started across the great mountains, and from the top saw a small village at the foot. The side toward the village was steep and pathless, no one had ever been known to make the descent. By hanging to shrubs, rolling down other places and scrambling over stones, they reached the bottom, with the shoes worn off their feet, their stockings in fragments, hands bleeding and torn and faces sore and sun blistered. As soon as the villagers saw them they set upon them with swords, spears, guns and any weapon with which they could deal a blow. Half starved and unable to move farther, the ladies fell by the roadside. The young man entreated the enraged crowd to see the condition of the women and have mercy on them, but without avail. They demanded that the 'foreign devils' proceed to the temple, two miles distant. With such strength as they could gather the party moved on, pushed hard by the crowd all the while, listening to the discussion of three men ahead as to how they should be killed and which of them should have the honor.

Suddenly the Scotchman bethought himself of an old Chinese passport he had in his pocket, and although it was out of date, he fell back upon it as the last resource of life. Giving it to the head man of the town, he called attention to the fact that the Chinese government had given them right of way over the country. A passport is a wordy, intensely official document, and calls upon every Chinaman to aid the possessor to his utmost, in any time of danger and peril. When the city official had perused its contents, he called upon the mob to lay down arms on the spot and disperse, but commanded the travellers to move on, which they did as rapidly as they were able.

Time and space will not admit of a detailed account of all they passed through before they reached a place of safety. In one place through which they travelled four hundred native Christians had been slashed on their foreheads with the sign of the cross, and with their hands tied behind them they were left to bake in a tropical sun and to starve. The party reached a village where the disturbance had just been quelled by the reading of the proclamation sent from the throne, calling upon every loyal Chinese to lend aid to fleeing foreigners, and demanding all city officials to see that they were escorted in safety to the nearest port. Hearing



MISSIONARIES WHO WERE FIVE MONTHS IN THE CAVES TRYING TO ESCAPE THE BOXERS.

am feeling these days that the heroic souls who have penetrated the great empire of China there to remain for years at a time, sacrificing even their own manner of dress and all that human hearts hold dearest, must outrank our own missionaries on points of courage and faith.

So much has been written of the hardships and experiences of the missionaries of China during those terrible months that the entire world is familiar with the story of awful deaths, cruel torture and never failing faith of those who 'counted not their lives' in an effort to help bring the light of truth into dark places, that there seems little more to be said or told. I came in contact recently with a young couple whose experiences may serve to bring more clearly before the read-

their lives. The party was divided into two companies. Two young ladies from Australia and the Scotchman formed one party, and, with the former disguised as men, they fled before the face of an angry mob, only escaping under cover of night and finding safety in an old cave, where they were forced to remain six weeks without a change of clothing or a drop of water in which to bathe their faces or hands. A Christian Chinese followed them, determined to cast his lot with them. From a distant village to which he walked ten miles daily he secured one meal a day from his scanty store and brought also a bottle of water. One day, while two of the party were sleeping and one was on the watch, as was their custom, the watcher saw a face thrust suddenly over



this, the party took advantage of the situation and demanded an escort of 200 soldiers.

After some hesitation the request was granted and the party set their faces toward the port, reaching there just five months after they fled from the inland station, having suffered more than can be told by human tongue. Two of the party are here

children; and the others he treated so well that they knew no difference. He attended Sunday-school conventions, read his denominational and general papers and magazines, and bought all books that would help him to understand young people, and new methods of teaching.

What wonder that a teacher so equipped,

religious things. Some of them think that they are too old to attend school. I overhear them talking about things which point away from Christ and toward sinful haunts, and to all the vices of the great city of which our town is a suburb. And one of them, the only one I have ever suspected is not in possession at least of sterling moral principles, is gaining a strong hold over several of the others. I have taught these boys for four or five years, and I am a failure. One of them belongs to the church, but shows no more interest in the religious life than the others. I have done my best, and I am a failure.

After the conversation the pastor said, 'As a personal favor do not take this step for a few months. I fear the whole school is in a similar condition. I fear that I am very much such a preacher as you are a teacher. I have sometimes heard myself spoken of as a "model preacher." I now see that there is no model preacher on earth who is not wise to win souls. Let us both acknowledge that we have missed the centre of the target, though we have sent many arrows into the circles around it.'

From that day the pastor began to preach, pray, and visit, with the one object of making all of every age feel that, though many things are advantageous, only 'one thing is needful.' The teacher began to ask himself whether it is wonderful that young men with appetites, passions, imaginations, and worldly ambitions of human beings should unconsciously weary of five years of teaching, though interestingly communicated, of which little practical use was made. He began to think and read about how to interest young men in Christ and salvation, in the grand fact that the only noble life is the one that centres in God, and loves all men in Christ and for Christ's sake; that all other lives must be less or more ignoble, as they approximate or retreat from that ideal without reaching it. At first he did not hold the attention as before, but, redoubling his efforts to make them his debtors by kindness, in a few weeks he saw in two or three of them some gleams of real interest.

About that time a young man, a genuine convert, came to visit that member of the class who had once been an earnest Christian. The pastor and teacher took him into their confidence, and besought him to seek to lead his friend back into conscious enjoyment of the love of God. As he was successful, while he stayed there were two nuclei of spiritual life in the class, and one by one was added to the number, till all but the one who at the first had been suspected of a bent to wrong were thoroughly changed. In the meantime a revival spread through the school, the church, and the community, and the last of the eleven with streaming eyes exclaimed, 'I cannot separate myself from the class because they have joined our teacher and his Saviour.'

During the years since elapsed the teacher has died, borne to the grave by all of his scholars then in that community, and more than one of the class have followed him to the rest that remaineth for the people of God. The others are still in communion and co-operation with the church.

To the last the teacher and the pastor gave thanks to God that they had been led to see that the only model teacher or preacher is he who, not indifferent to non-essentials according to their value, is faithful to the essential, the pearl of great price, the renewing the heart in the image of Christ.

Whatever be taught or whoever the teacher, the only way to keep young men in the Sunday-school or interested in the church, is to lead them out into the spiritual realm. Without this all else will become dry as husks to their taste.—'Christian Advocate.'

## The Find-the-Place Almanac

### TEXTS IN PROVERBS.

- Dec. 1, Sun.—Fools make a mock at sin.  
Dec. 2, Mon.—He that despiseth his neighbor sinneth.  
Dec. 3, Tues.—He that oppresseth the poor reproacheth his Maker.  
Dec. 4, Wed.—Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people.  
Dec. 5, Thur.—A soft answer turneth away wrath.  
Dec. 6, Fri.—The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.  
Dec. 7, Sat.—He that refuseth instruction despiseth his own soul.



## CHRISTIANS WHO BROUGHT FOOD TO THE CAVES AT THE RISK OF THEIR LIVES

in Japan, and in the bliss of a honeymoon they are preparing to again take up the work when regained strength will permit and the way opens.

I listened to the thrilling story and as I looked into the sweet face of the heroic girl, I marvelled at the faith and courage that would take them back to the scenes of cruelty and terror, with an eternal hope and unshaken determination to follow the line of duty with the motto, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust him' for their watchword. This is what it means to be a missionary in the Orient.

## The 'Model Sunday-School Teacher's' Dilemma.

A gentleman in middle life, of sense, piety, and excellent reputation, taught a class of eleven young men who had been under his care since they were about fourteen years old, and at the time of which we write were from seventeen to nineteen years of age. He had taken all possible pains to prepare himself for success in his work, to do which he had many unusual facilities. His 'boys,' as he called the eleven, loved him, and he loved most of them as though they were his own

a scholar, a power in the town, and a converser who could entertain any company, should be spoken of as the model Sunday-school teacher, or that the boys were always there and sorry when the superintendent signified that the closing exercises were to begin? Who could have dreamed that this teacher went to and from his class for six months with an increasing sadness of heart? or who could anticipate what he would say to his pastor?

Yet one evening he called at the parsonage and without introduction uttered these unexpected words, 'I am going to give up my class next Sunday and cease my connection with the Sunday-school.' The pastor was more than surprised; asked if he was ill or intended removal, or whether there was any trouble in the class, or a difference between him and the superintendent. These and similar questions were answered in the negative. At last the teacher unburdened his heart and said, 'I have been called a model Sunday-school teacher, and God above knows that I have tried to be worthy the name.' He then recounted his efforts to prepare himself in general and for each lesson, told how he carried those boys on his mind and conscience, and then said, 'They listen to me when I talk about the Bible, or Christian civilization, or the growth of the church, or the benefits of the school and the church to the community; when I talk about myself or about themselves; but not one of them is converted or shows any interest in



# BOYS AND GIRLS

## A Gift From the Sea

(By Walter Palmer, in 'Forward'.)

Storms and disasters are frequent on the New England coast, and especially is this true of the long, sandy points that run out into the Atlantic. On these desolate, wind-swept flats are isolated houses and farms, and straggling settlements and towns, whose



HE LIKED TO WALK ALONG THE BEACH.

one industry depends on the caprices of the sea. Sometimes, when wind and wave are favorable, there is rejoicing; but more often there is a hardened, hopeless endurance. The men are always watching to take the sea and sky at advantage, and the women wait, passive alike to hope or fear. Even the children have learned to accept danger as part of their daily life.

It was on one of the wildest and most desolate of these points that Peter Gradt built his little cabin. There were but two lines to his horizon, one of sand and one of sea, and although the sea line was sometimes cut in twain by the masts of fishing smacks, the land line always remained unbroken. No tree or shrub had the hardihood to aspire to this dangerous exposure; only tough thistles and wire grass were able to withstand the fierce lashings of the sand and rain storms.

But Peter Gradt did not lack for building material. He had only to walk along the shore and make a selection. He had a taste for color and variety, and so his cabin was made of rare woods from many lands. The doors and windows of the cabin, the benches round its sides, and the few shelves and brackets, were of rosewood and mahogany and of other rare woods whose surface was like polished marble; and as the years went by the shelves and brackets became loaded with queer things which he picked up among the wreckage or brought back from his fishing trips.

Jacob Gradt, the second son, was something like his father. He had a passion for collecting, and he liked to walk along the beach, and to sail out into the dreary distances, with no companions but his own thoughts, the winds and the waves, and perhaps a few mews sailing dreamily overhead.

He had once found a seaman's chest on the beach, and this was filled to overflowing with the treasures which the sea had brought to him. Somehow, by a word or sentence at a time, he had managed to pick

up what was considered a good education for that section. A few books had come into the family's possession; Peter Gradt had a Don Quixote, inherited from his father; his wife had a Bible and a history of the early martyrs, and one day a sea-stained, dilapidated copy of Shakespeare had been found among the 'débri' on the beach. These were supplemented by several seed catalogues, an almanac, and an old copy of a Boston newspaper.

With these, and such small and unreliable help as his father and mother could give, Jacob had educated himself. There were no schools or neighbors, so what he could not understand was supplied by his own vivid imagination; and these brief glimpses into an unknown world fired him with a determination to see for himself. He longed to go away to school, to college; to some place where he could learn about the things which the sea and the sky and the winds were always whispering to him, but which he could never comprehend.

He would require money; he understood that perfectly well. But how was he to obtain it? His family, like the few neighbors along the coast, lived mostly on fish and birds. Two or three times each year they carried fish to the nearest town and exchanged them for the few necessities they

required. They had small need for money, and seldom saw it. Jacob was nearly seventeen, and he had never owned a dollar in his life.

He had an idea that it would cost a great many dollars to go away to school. He did not know how many, but feared that it would be more than he could possibly earn. There were no employers in this region; the only marketable things he could get were fish, and they were of little value in this fish country. The local dealers accepted them in exchange for merchandise, but no one would pay money. And the nearest of the large towns was two or three days' journey away. His boat was too small to carry much of a load, and too frail for a trip that would require at least a week to go and come. He felt how useless it would be to attempt such an impossible feat.

When he spoke to his father of his hopes, the old man laughed and told him that he knew too much about books already. His mother was less outspoken, but her silent disapproval was more eloquent than words. Jacob said no more about school, but his longing grew more intense with its repression.

One day, as he was walking on the beach, he found a large block of some curious ash-gray substance. At first he thought it was



HOMSUMEVER, IT'S TOO BIG AN' AWK'ARD TO HAVE LYIN' ROUND.



wood, but a little examination showed his mistake. It was marked with yellow and reddish striae, like those of marble, for it had floated in on the waves. He tried to lift it, but it was too large and heavy. Then with considerable exertion he succeeded in turning it over, and rolling it out of reach of the tide. It had a peculiar odor which he found very agreeable, and he was loath to leave it behind. But even the odor would not compensate for its bulkiness, so at last he turned away and walked slowly up the beach.

But the rich perfume followed him, and presently he retraced his steps and examined the block once more. Then he went to the cabin after the wheelbarrow. When his father returned from a fishing trip, a few days later, the block was lying among some old nets behind the cabin. The old man looked it over critically.

'No, I don't know what 'tis,' he said, in answer to a question from Jacob, 'but s'pose likely it's some sea-growin' stuff. It smells mighty good. Howsumever, it's too big an' awk'ard to have lyin' round. Ye'd better roll it back to low water an' let the tide carry it out.'

But Jacob did not roll it down to low water. It remained behind the cabin for several weeks, then he removed it to the small back room where they kept their nets and other fishing gear.

Ten or fifteen miles up the point were a number of inland ponds and shallows. Birds were plentiful here, and at certain seasons the snipe shooting was excellent. Hunters were comparatively scarce, but occasionally parties of city sportsmen appeared and remained during the shooting season. They usually came in yachts, and either made a camp near one of the ponds or returned and slept on board their boats each night. Sometimes, but not often, they wandered down as far as Peter Gradt's cabin.

One afternoon a small yacht was seen heading down the coast. As it reached a point opposite the cabin it rounded to and a boat came ashore. Peter Gradt and his oldest son were away fishing, but Jacob was behind the cabin mending a net.

Two men left the boat and approached the cabin, the others walked away toward the dunes. All of them had guns, and they evidently intended to explore the flats for birds.

'Hello, my lad!' exclaimed one of the men as they came round the corner of the cabin and saw Jacob at work, 'can you let us have a piece of half-inch rope, ten or twelve feet long? Our man forgot to bring any, and we have some splicing to do. We will be glad to pay you your own price for it.'

'I guess I can let you have some rope,' answered Jacob as he rose from the net, 'but I don't want any pay for it. Come in here.'

He led them into the little back room and began to overhaul a pile of nets and cordage. Suddenly he heard a low exclamation of wonder, followed by a suppressed whispering. As he turned he saw them regarding the gray block he had found on the beach. They turned away, however, with apparent unconcern and began to examine the other objects in the room. Neither of them appeared to take any further notice of the block.

When they turned to go, however, one of them said, as though with sudden recollection, 'By the way, what was that queer-looking thing in the corner? the gray, funny-smelling rock, I mean?'

Jacob looked at him sharply. He felt sure there was something behind this seeming carelessness.

'I don't know,' he answered. 'I picked it up on the beach.'

'Do you want to sell it?' asked the man as he began to button his coat as though it made very little difference to him whether it was for sale or not. At any other time Jacob would not have hesitated. He would even have been willing to give the block away, for its novelty had already worn off. But now his suspicions were aroused.

'I guess I'd better keep it,' he said, quietly. 'Oh, give him a dollar for it, Alf, and come along!' exclaimed the other man, affecting to be impatient.

'Suppose we say five?' and Alf looked at Jacob, inquiringly.

The boy caught his breath. Five dollars! He had never seen so much money in his life. But his hard, practical shrewdness did not desert him. He shook his head.

The men looked at him keenly. Then the one called Alf asked, insinuatingly:

'What good is it to you? I thought money was scarce down this way, and that you would snap at five dollars. The thing is very curious, and I would like to have it well enough; but I can't pay a fancy price. Now what will you take? the lowest figure, mind!'

'I'd rather you'd make me an offer,' replied Jacob, after a moment's thought. 'I'm willin' to sell, but you must give me something like what it's worth. I suppose the best thing for me would be to take it up to one of the big towns.'

This last was a sudden inspiration, and it had its effect. The men looked at each other, quickly.

'The fellow either knows what it is or has some idea of its value,' Jacob heard one of them say in a low voice to his companion. Then they walked aside and talked earnestly for some minutes. When they came back Alf held a roll of bills in his hand.

'Look here, my boy,' he said, persuasively, 'it would be foolish for you to take that thing up to the city, and perhaps have some sharper get it away from you. It is valuable; we don't mind telling you that; and we would like to have it. This man and I make perfumery, and we could use it in our business. We can afford to give you more than an outsider would. If you'll let us have a bill of sale of it, fair and square, we'll give you three hundred dollars, cash. What do you say?'

Jacob could only stare blankly at them for a moment. Then he nodded eagerly and took the paper and pencil the man offered. A few minutes later the men called to some of their companions, and the block was carried down to the boat.

When Peter Gradt and his son returned from fishing they found Jacob waiting for them on the beach. A few words acquainted them with the wonderful events of the day.

'What'll you do with the money?' asked Peter, after the first excitement was over.

'Can I do just what I like with it?' asked Jacob.

'Of course. It's your'n. But I'd advise ye to git a boat an' outfit. There's enough money in that there roll to give you a fine set-out in fishin'.'

Jacob shook his head.

'If you don't mind,' he said, with a glad ring in his voice, 'I'll take it an' go away to school.'

'Well, do jest what ye think best. But I'm afraid it'll spile the makin' of a good fisherman.'

As they walked toward the cabin the old man turned, with sudden curiosity in his face.

'What'd they say the stuff was?' he asked.

Jacob looked blank.

'They didn't say,' he answered, ruefully, 'an' I forgot to ask.'

It was not until many years afterwards, not until he had been away to school and had come back and worked his way up to the command of a fine schooner, that he told his father he knew now that that stuff must have been ambergris.

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## Soft Soap

### A THANKSGIVING STORY.

(By Ernest Gilmore, in 'The Independent'.)

There had been a grand Thanksgiving dinner at the Macy mansion, six courses all told each and all served admirably by Matthew, the butler, and little Alf, Matthew's helper. First, there had been soup, oyster, and pickled onions, and nasturtiums. Second, there had been a mammoth turkey, roasted to just the right point by Dilsey, the cook; a pair of ducks, broiled pigeons and baked venison, flanked by mashed potatoes, stewed tomatoes, succotash, squash, turnips, fresh-boiled pink and white beets, and clam soup, with crackers, and celery, apple-sauce, and bread and butter; yes, and coffee, too, belonged to the second course, for sensible Mr. Macy, senior, said he 'never cared for coffee after dinner.' Third, there had been pies, pumpkin and mince pies, flaky-crust and delicious, with cheese. Fourth, there had been pudding—plum-pudding. Fifth, icecream, cakes, and jelly. Sixth, rosy apples, grapes, and winter pears, walnuts, raisins, and glasses of cold orange-water.

'Such a dinner as to make one too lazy to navigate,' said Uncle Phil, settling down in a big arm-chair by the open Franklin stove, in the cozy back parlor.

'Wasn't it a rouser? Did you ever eat such a dinner before?' asked ten-year-old Robbie Macy, sitting down on the rug in front of Uncle Phil.

'Humph! I ate better dinner years and years ago than you had to-day, when I was a little shaver, no larger than you,' Uncle Phil said, teasingly. And Rob answered, doubtfully:

'I don't see how you could have had such a good dinner as we had, let alone a better one. Why, Mamma said you lived way out West, where lots of Indians were.'

Uncle Phil laughed.

'So you infer, because there were Indians out where we were, that we had nothing to eat. Do you?'

'I suppose you had something to eat,' Rob replied, roguishly; 'but I don't believe 'twas plum-pudding and great big slices of turkey-breast. Now, was it, Uncle Phil?'

'We didn't have plum-pudding, that's a fact; and we didn't have great slices of white turkey-breast, that's another fact; but, Rob, we had slices of dark turkey-breast—nice, juicy wild turkey. I can tell you it was good, too.'

'Pho! I don't like dark meat. I'm glad I was not there.' And Rob turned a somersault over to Rover, who lay peacefully on the other side of the big velvet rug.

'Rob!'

'Well, sir.'

'Shall I tell you a story about a Thanksgiving we had out West, when I was a boy?'

Rob stood at his Uncle's knees in less than a minute, with wide-awake, delighted eyes.



'Oh, Uncle Phil. Yes, do. You always tell such splendid stories. But perhaps there won't be anything in a Thanksgiving story about bears.' And Rob's face grew a trifle anxious.

'How about Indians?'

'Oh, Uncle Phil, if you 'can' tell a Thanksgiving story about Indians, I'll be the happiest boy in town.'

'We won't promise, but we'll see about it. Go and call the rest of the children, Rob.'

'Come, Dan and Walter and Nellie!' called Rob. 'Uncle Phil is going to tell a rousing Indian story.'

'Did I say so?' asked Uncle Phil, trying to look savage.

'I know so! You can't fool me!' Rob answered, wisely.

'You can begin, now, Uncle Phil,' Nellie said, coaxingly, leaning her curly head over the arm of Uncle Phil's chair. 'The company's all gone, and it'll be so nice to wind up the day listening to a thrilling Indian story.'

Nellie shivered in anticipation of the horrible things she expected to hear. Uncle Phil, noticing, said: 'Don't get to shaking, Nellie. My story will be more laughable than thrilling, I fancy. And lo! I begin. There were eight of us who had our home in that Western hut, made of cottonwood logs. But, children, I thought I saw a pair of black eyes, with a good deal of white about them, peering into the door just now. Perhaps there is somebody there wants to hear the story.'

'It's nobody but Alf,' laughed Rob; 'but I say, Uncle Phil, why can't Alf come in and listen to the story? He hasn't anything to do just now.'

'That's thoughtful of you, Rob, and just what I wanted. Call him in, please.'

And so, a moment later, Alf's eyes grew rounder and whiter than ever as he listened to the Thanksgiving story.

'Those were troubled times with Western folks. The Indians were not very near us; indeed, Father never had a fear in regard to the Indians attacking us. No one whom we knew of, living within twenty miles of us, had been troubled by the Indians. One day in October we children had been out all afternoon, having a happy time. We gathered yards and yards of creamy-white clematis and beautiful wild columbine; even Bathsheba tucked up her skirts and waded like a born water-bird to get the columbines from the bank opposite.'

A rippling laugh from Nellie, and Uncle Phil stopped story-telling, to ask: 'What is it, Nellie?'

'Such a funny name, Uncle Phil. Who was Bathsheba?'

'Bathsheba was our only sister. A pretty girl, too, I do assure you, notwithstanding her outlandish name. She had blue eyes and golden hair, and we boys almost worshipped her, because she was so beautiful and good. She didn't dress much like you, Nellie; but she looked pretty enough, in her plain blue flannel dress, which came down half way between knees and ankles, leaving her white feet bare. I told you that there were eight of us. There was Father, Mother, Aunt Huldah, and the hired man, Nick Vose, Bathsheba, Ephraim, Jeremiah, and myself. Well, that October day, after we had gathered all the clematis and columbines we wanted, we carried them home to Mother, tacked the pretty vines all around the cotton-wood logs and filled a big jar with the columbines. Then we were off again—Jeremiah and I shooting wild game and Eph going with Bathsheba to gather some beautiful ferns, which grew in the belt of woods a quarter of a mile from the hut.

our home. The short day was drawing to a close and Eph and Bathsheba had not yet joined us.

'Come on!' I said to Jerry. 'Let's go home. I'm as hungry as a hunter.'

'And you are a hunter,' laughed Jerry, gleefully, as he pointed to the string of wild ducks which were suspended from my shoulders.

'But, Phil,' he added, 'I think we better wait for the others. Mother might be anxious, if we should get home without them.'

'What would make her anxious?' I asked, scornfully.

'Indians!' Jerry bawled in my ear.

'Indians!' I answered. 'You know better. There ain't a Red Skin within fifty miles of us.' But even as I spoke Eph came toward us with Bathsheba in his arms. His face was white with fright, and hers white with what? Was it death? We did not know. Jerry threw down his gun and his prairie chickens, and I my ducks, as we ran to meet them.

'What's the trouble, Eph?' we both asked at once.

'Bathsheba's fainted. Can't you see?' he answered, in a troubled voice. 'Run for some water. Quick!' And he laid her down on the dead maple leaves which covered the greensward, still holding his arm tenderly under her head. Jerry ran for water, while I rubbed my sister's hands and asked, anxiously: 'What made her faint, Eph?'

'Hush!' he said, sternly. 'I can't tell you now. Wait until we get Bathsheba safe back with Mother. Then I'll have something that is something to tell you.'

Eph's tragic tone roused all my curiosity; but I knew him too well to question any further. Jerry came with the water from the brook, and he and I bathed her face vigorously. She awoke with a gasp, and looked into Eph's face with a startled, questioning look.

'Don't worry, Bathsheba,' Eph said, soothingly. 'We're most home, and we're safe, too.'

'Safe, too. What could he mean? Jerry asked him, but received no answer, except a warning look. Well, Jerry and I made a seat out of our hands, with a back of two arms, and Eph lifted her up into it. Then we carried her home, Eph bringing our game and other things. Father and Nick Vose were away from home, but Mother and Aunt Huldah met us at the door.

'There's nothing the matter, Mother,' was Eph's cheery greeting. 'Only she's pretty well frightened at—nothing.'

'Oh! Eph, at 'nothing!'' Bathsheba said, in a remonstrating voice, as she sat up and realized where she was.

'Oh! Mother, 'twas a great, big, fierce-looking Indian who frightened me so. Eph didn't see him, because he was bending over a great, beautiful fern, that I wanted so much; but I saw him distinctly. His big, feathered head loomed up out of a clump of young trees, and I'm sure his big mouth was grinning in delight over us—two children alone in the woods. Eph was a little way off, and I didn't dare call to him, for fear the Indian might scalp us; and so I threw my basket at Eph's head. That's all I know about it.'

Mother looked at Eph, and he said, with a laugh: 'And she hit me, too, Mother, a sounding thump. I thought maybe the "cow with the crumpled horn" had got hold of me, and, turning to see, I saw Bathsheba motioning to me. I understood, by the way she pointed and worked her fingers, that she meant there were Indians around. Then I

saw her tumble over, and I picked her up and came home.'

'Well! well!' Mother said, in a tone which meant 'not' well. 'I shall be afraid to go to bed, if there are any Indians about, and Father away and Nick Vose too.'

'It's my opinion that there ain't an Indian within miles of us. Bathsheba's an imaginative girl. I've no doubt that 'twas the tree-branches swaying in the wind that she took for a Red Skin's head.'

'You can think what you're a mind to, Aunt Huldah; but I know 'twas an Indian,' Bathsheba said, decidedly.

Bathsheba was right; for the very next morning the sad news came that a whole family, less than a mile from us, had been murdered in the night and their log-hut left bare and desolate. After that Father and Nick came home every night, whether convenient or not, and it was often very inconvenient to come home when they were miles away, cutting logs; but, as days and weeks passed by, we heard nothing more of the Indians and we begun to breathe easy again. It lacked only two days of Thanksgiving, when Father received word from a man over in the next settlement to come over and attend to some urgent business. He took Nick Vose with him and also Eph, he being the oldest, as it was necessary to bring back several loads of lumber, and Eph could manage oxen as well as Nick could. Well, that very evening, Jerry and I hurried through our chores, to help Aunt Huldah pick some ducks for Thanksgiving. Mother was sick with a cold and she did not help; but she talked and laughed with us as we worked. Pretty soon we heard steps outside, and Aunt Huldah said:

'Perhaps our men are back. I do hope they are.'

But Jerry jumped up quickly, and drew the bars across the door. Bathsheba's blue eyes grew round with amazement, and she said: 'Why, Jerry, do you mean to lock father out?'

'Look!' he said, pointing to the little window. Ah! that look! How it frightened us, and our sick, timid mother fairly shrieked. As for Bathsheba, she wrung her hands in agony.

'Hush! every one of you,' Jerry said, in a commanding tone, as if he was general of an army. 'Here, Phil, you get Mother and Bathsheba over in that corner and keep guard, while Aunt Huldah and I run up the ladder and look out the loop-hole, and see if there's many of them.'

Alf's curiosity could wait no longer. 'What did ye see, Massa? Was it b'ars, big, black b'ars lookin' in at de windy?'

'No, Alf,' answered Uncle Phil. 'Not bears, but savage Indians. We looked out the loop-hole (that's what we called a little round hole over the door), and we saw one Indian near our house, and another, with his back to the house, a little way off. Father, Nick, and Eph had taken the guns, and we were at a loss to know what to do, if the Indians should try to break in. Suddenly there was a loud pounding on the door. We went down, and Aunt Huldah asked what was wanted. They wouldn't answer, but whacked away, until I thought every minute the door would give way. Aunt Huldah rushed down the ladder, and motioned to Jerry and me to follow her. We went with her into a little room, partitioned off from the kitchen, where a barrel of the strongest kind of soft soap stood. We each carried a pail of that terrible soap up the ladder into the loft, and then crept up from the loft to the roof. Then, creeping along softly to the edge of the roof, we saw the two Indians



flashing their bright blades into our cotton-wood door.

"No time to lose," whispered Aunt Huldah. And we three together emptied our buckets of soft soap over those Red Skins. Oh! such shrieks as rent the air, as the Indians danced around and rubbed their eyes, in awful pain. We felt sorry, Jerry and I; but Aunt Huldah said she didn't. "If we hadn't done it, they would have killed and scalped us all," she said, wisely.

'No one slept that night, and the ducks did not get picked, either; but by early daylight Father came home. His face was ashen gray and as we drew back the bars to let him in, he looked at each of us in turn. Then seating himself in a chair, he, strong man that he was, burst into tears.

"Are you sick, dear Father?" Bathsheba said, going up to him and putting her arms about his neck. My father was a Christian, and, gathering Bathsheba's golden head to his bosom, he said: "Not sick, child; but overcome with thankfulness. Word came to us this morning that several families had been scalped during the night and that mine was one of them. I didn't wait to tell Eph and Nick, but sent word to them to come home as soon as they could, and I hurried on ahead. When I reached the 'Corners,' I found that the Stevensons were gone, root and branch, and my heart sank within me; but I find my home unmolested. Thank God!" Then we told him that we had been attacked and that our weapon had been soft soap. We thought Father would laugh; but he did not. He only said, reverently: "Thank God for soft soap!"

'Nick and Eph came home that afternoon. They had heard the sorrowful story, too, and I tell you we had a general hugging all around.

'And then Thanksgiving Day dawned. Such a dinner! Seems to me I can taste it yet. Any way, I can remember every single thing we had. We had roast wild ducks and baked fish, and the nicest, roundest little roast pig I ever saw. It had a lemon in its mouth and a bunch of parsley around its curly tail, and it stood on a bed of green parsley. Then we had big, mealy baked potatoes and turnips, and the best succotash and baked beans that could be imagined, and then those broiled quails—Oh! Rob, I wish you could taste such quails.'

'Didn't you have any pudding?'

'I don't think we did; but we had pies—pumpkin, mince, apple, and custard.'

'And was that all?' asked Rob.

'No, we had one thing more. We all got down on our knees and thanked God. Father said that was the "finishing touch."'

And Uncle's Phil's story was done.

### A Good Answer.

'Will you walk into my parlor?'

Said a landlord to a Tar;

'You'll find the best of things to eat,  
And liquors at the bar.'

'Oh! no,' said Jack, 'I'd rather not;

I once was there before,

And through your drink you got my cash,  
Then turned me out of door.

'Your liquor never quenched my thirst,  
But made me dry instead;

And then, when hungry, found I'd not  
A penny left for bread.'

—'Temperance Record.'

### 'Northern Messenger.'

'Our Sunday-school, of which I have the honor of being superintendent, gets 30 copies of the 'Northern Messenger,' and, I must say, that in our school it is very popular. I think it ahead of all in its class.' I am yours truly,

E. B. FARWELL.

Orillia, Ont.

## Frances Chisholm's Resolve.

(Joseph Woodhouse, in 'Friendly Greetings'.)

Frances Chisholm had spent the happiest birthday she could remember. Yesterday she had reached her eighteenth year. School-days were well over. Many and warm-hearted were the greetings that girl-companions and other friends sent or brought her.

Life had not been a failure so far. In her last year at Wilmington High School she had carried off one first class and two second class prizes. More than that, she had won the love and esteem of the head-mis-

To live! Oh, to live worthily for his sake!....  
..... To do something that will bring him honor..... To be something that will please him..... If he will only send me forth! Lord, help me!

Then a wondrous hush spread through the room. It was as though a presence were there that she could neither see nor hold. Presently a voice—like a whispered voice in her soul—seemed to speak. A touch of a spirit hand was upon her. She listened—waited.... 'Without Me ye can do nothing.'..... 'All things are possible to him that believeth.'..... 'Lo! I am with you all the days.'..... 'Go, go! I will be with Thee.'



### SCHOOL-DAYS.

tress, Miss Wakefield. She was not brilliant, but painstaking, diligent, and persevering.

In the gloaming of the following day she sat by the fire dreaming. The bright coals seemed to quicken her thoughts. Pictures and faces came and went. The daylight sank away. The flames flickered and died down, giving place to the red glow and the steady warmth.

'Yes!' she thought, 'life must be real and earnest now—more than ever. I know whom I have believed. Jesus is filling my life. I have been constrained by the power of his love. The spell of his words is upon me: "I have come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

'Yea, Lord!' she replied in her inmost heart. 'Use me, use even me:

"Take my life, and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;  
Take my moments and my days,  
Let them flow in ceaseless praise."'

So, in entering upon her nineteenth year, Frances made up her mind that life, wherever God might send her, should be whole-hearted—through and through—a life 'with' Jesus and 'for' Jesus. A life given up to God because given up to the service of others.

More distant than before, as she rose to draw the blinds, like a voice speaking into



her ear, came the words: 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'

A sweet peace came over her. She could leave herself, her work, her future in God's safe keeping—and she did.

Four years later she was on board the steamer 'Yohama' in the London Docks, bound for Shanghai. Her father, the Rev. Henry Chisholm, had given her to God and his service. He and her mother and three brothers were on the quay waving their 'farewells' as the great vessel moved off.

Tears dimmed their eyes—not of sorrow, but of faith and love. They were glad that God had received Frances at their hands. He had trained her; now he was about to make use of her in the Far East.

It was a great joy that filled the souls of friends from the China Inland Mission. Many were there with words of cheer and blessing. Frances was one of five—three ladies and two gentlemen—who were starting in answer to the divine call to help in taking the Gospel to the Chinese.

Oh! the thrill, the happiness, of being a worker with God in the vast harvest fields of the world!

Miss Chisholm, during her preparation for work, had given many proofs of special gifts for foreign mission service.

She was a careful student—a lover of the best books; quick in gathering up information that would throw light upon her own field of toil. She had made no mean progress in the study of medicine. Without doubt she had shown a gift of speech which would stand her in good stead when pleading for Christ with her Chinese sisters.

Her home letters told of great happiness in her unselfish labor, upon which God's blessing was resting abundantly.

### When You Don't Feel Like It.

When things go hard with you, when everything seems to go against you, when you are thwarted on every side, when the sky is dark and you can see no light, that is the time to exhibit your mettle, to show what you are made of. If there is anything in you, adversity will bring it to light. What a man does in spite of circumstances, rather than because of them, is the measure of his ability.

The successful man, he who brings to pass, grows stronger and more determined when the way looks darkest. Instead of becoming discouraged, as the obstacles which bar his progress grow more and more formidable, he arouses himself like a lion to meet and finally overcome them. When you have a disagreeable, perplexing thing to do, don't put off the doing.

The writer knows a man who makes every hard, disagreeable experience a stepping stone to something higher. When he finds himself in a particularly difficult place, and hardly knows how to take the next step, he musters up all the energy within him, and resolves to make the obstacle a round in the ladder by which he ascends. By adhering to this rule under all circumstances, he has built up a most remarkable character.

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### The Vision of Fidelity.

(Christian Standard.)

Sarah's father had died, and the farm and the dear old house had been sold, and the family came to the great, bustling city where Sarah's mother could 'do tailoring' as she used to when a girl, and Sarah could help pay the rent for their two small rooms by working in the factory.

So there was nothing before little Sarah but factory life. She was a plain, pale, still little girl, and it was a dingy, noisy, ugly factory. They made toys and 'notions' there.

When she walked through the door for the first time she felt as though she were being shut in from God's beautiful world which she loved so well. She was an imaginative little body, and gave a nervous gasp as the factory door closed with a bang and a click, and did not quite realize where she was until seated at a long table with many other girls, most of them older and larger than herself, and a sharp-voiced, sharp-featured woman showing her how to put the bows on dolls' slippers. That was her work. Each girl was provided with a box of slippers, a heap of bows, and a bottle of glue. And they were paid by the hundred.

Sarah was sure she could do as many as any of the girls, after a little practice, even if they were older and larger. She shut her lips tightly, and determined to do it, anyway; for had not Grandma Hall always said: 'Sary's wonderful spry with her hands'?

So she set to work very energetically. Sometimes the glue brush would get nearly dry; but if there was enough to make the bow barely stick she did not stop to dip it then. The more bows she could fasten on with one dipping the better—it saved time. And she was determined to keep up with the others. That was the way they did, she discovered by a swift glance or two down the long table.

Presently her back ached a little, and she straightened up for a moment. In front of her across the room was a window, closed to keep out dust and din of the street. But through its specky panes she saw something that made her heart leap for joy, while the glad tears came to her eyes. It was the blue-white crest of Mt. Prospect, the mountain whose slowly wheeling shadow had measured all the happy days of her short life. It was not, then, so very far to home! She almost smelled the cool, fragrant breath from the thickets that clothed its shaggy sides. She almost heard the songs of the birds that built their happy homes and sang their joyous hymns there.

Only a sharp voice recalled her from her day-dreaming, reminding her that girls who 'loafed' could not expect to keep their places, even if they did work 'by the piece' instead of 'on time.'

So her fingers flew faster than ever; but when she started to put on a bow with too little glue she stopped, blushing hotly. With the sight of the sturdy old mountain had come a vision of the beloved home-life, the morning prayers, the Scripture reading; and one verse shone between her eyes and the dingy table—'For we are laborers together with God.'

'But that means grown people and more important things than sticking bows on dolls' slippers!' Sarah argued with the shining words. But she knew better.

'I am a laborer with God!' whispered the honest little soul—softly to herself, you know, so that no one else but God heard. 'I am; and I will labor his way.'

And as her fingers flew, other verses came

to be with the first—about doing 'all to the glory of God,' and 'in the name of the Lord Jesus,' and working 'faithfully, as unto the Lord.' So she was very happy as she worked; and the tired, disheartened mother was happy, too, that night, when Sarah told her all about it; and she determined to do her work that way, in spite of the temptations to slight it.

Sometimes the girls laughed at Sarah, for it was not long before they noticed how particular she was about the bows.

'What's the odds?' they scoffed. 'When we're paid by the piece, nobody'll know how it's done, so long as it looks well!'

'I would know,' said Sarah.

And I do not doubt but that many a little girl was saved a great deal of trouble over the new doll's slippers she had bought because the bows stuck on so well.

### Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

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#### ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Kruger on Arbitration—New York 'Tribune'.  
A Winter's Walk in Canada—By Arnold Haultain, a twenty years' British resident in Canada, in 'Nineteenth Century'.  
British Guiana—London 'Times'.  
The Brigand Muro'ino—'The Mail', London.  
A Letter from Mr. Blyen to Lord Kitchener—Manchester 'Guardian'.  
Historical Parallel—'Spectator', London.  
The District Leader—New York 'Times'.  
Are Jesuits Disliked?—By Andrew Lang, in 'The Pilot', London.  
Life and Death—'Daily Telegraph', London.  
A French Peasant—By Jacques Bardoux, in 'The Speaker', London.  
Christianity and Charity Organization—'The Spectator', London.  
Caen and the Conqueror—By Harold Begbie, in the 'Morning Post', London.

#### SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Photographic Exhibitions—II.—By G. Bernard Shaw, in 'The Amateur Photographer'.  
A Chapter of Autobiography—By John Philip Sousa, in 'M. A. P.', London.

#### CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Intercepted Salute—From the 'Collected Poems of T. E. Brown'.  
Household Art—By H. Austin Dobson.  
From the Rowan Tree—By Katharine Aldrich, in 'The Atlantic'.  
The Ethics of Elfand—'The Speaker', London.  
An Unpublished Letter of Thomas Carlyle—London 'Times'.  
Rider Haggard in Palestine—Reviews from 'Daily News', 'Literature', 'Academy'.  
Robert Louis Stevenson—'The Pilot', London.  
Scott's Trysting Tree—'Daily Telegraph', London.  
Will 'Kim' Live?—By William L. Alden, in New York 'Times Saturday Review'.

#### HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The Wireless Transmission of Electrical Energy—'The Spectator', London.  
What shall we Eat and Drink?—'Daily Chronicle', London.  
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## A Thanksgiving Story.

(By Mrs. Florence M. Gwinn, in 'Michigan Advocate'.)

It was a pleasant sight that Thanksgiving night, to see the merry group gathered in Grandpa Hamilton's cheery sitting-room. Sons and daughters, with their children, had come to the old home once more.

Courtesy, love and good cheer were there, and when these are in a home, happiness is sure to reign. Near the open fire some of the cousins are cracking nuts, while others are busy looking over the old photographs. Little Alice, the pet of all, with her sunny nature, goes flitting from one to another to see that each has his share of the apples and nuts. Grandpa looks on and enjoys the fun and frolic as well as anyone.

'Come, grandpa, can you not tell us a story?' asked one of the boys.

'Oh, yes, please do!' chorused the rest of the young people.

'Yes, father; I believe we will all enjoy one,' adds Mrs. Hamilton.

'Well, let me see if I can think of any,' says grandpa, as he takes off his spectacles. 'Yes, I will tell you a true Thanksgiving story. It happened over forty years ago. It had been one of those unusually warm days for the season, but at the time of which I speak the lengthening shadows indicated that the night was near at hand, when two girls came out of a roughly constructed log building used as a lumber camp, in the northeastern part of Maine.

'They had spent a busy day cooking in the warm room, and now stood by the door enjoying the cool evening air. "I believe it is going to turn colder," remarked the older of the girls, Mary Hartley. "Look, Alice, at those dark, heavy-looking clouds rolling up in the north."

"Yes," answered her companion, as she glanced in the direction indicated, "the wind has changed, too. Well, Mary, this won't get the supper. We must go back to our work."

'Inside, the building was divided into four rooms, the largest being used as a kitchen. A rudely made table of boards with benches on each side extended across to one end of the room. Opening out of

the kitchen were the girls' bedroom, and the pantry, while the foreman, Mr. Willard, and his wife occupied the remaining room.

'It soon grew dark, and the men came in from the woods hungry, for the oxygen from the pines creates an appetite of itself, and ready to do ample justice to the supper. The pork, beans, bread and syrup, the usual lumberman's fare, disappeared as if by magic.

Then came the dish-washing, no small task, and after that the girls made a large pan of doughnuts, or fried-cakes, as they were called. "These will be nice for to-morrow, as it is Thanksgiving," said Mary, as she placed the large dish on the table to cool.

"Sure enough; I had almost forgotten about its being Thanksgiving," replied Alice, as she bustled

about straightening up things for the night. "One day seems much like another here. Well, I'm glad it is time to go to bed, for I am just tired out."

'Soon all was quiet around the camp. Beyond the cry of a night-owl, not a sound was to be heard.

'Four o'clock comes all too quickly to those who labor hard, and Mary and Alice found it difficult to awaken at the sound of the rising bell. They dressed hurriedly, and as Mary entered the kitchen, the first thing that caught her eyes was the pan that had contained the doughnuts the night before lying on the floor. "Why, Alice, what has been in here!" she exclaimed in dismay, as she lifted up the empty dish. "Not one of all our fried-cakes left."

"I believe a dog has been in



A DOG THAT LEFT HIS DINNER TO LISTEN TO THE MUSIC.

—'Band of Mercy.'



here," said Alice, as she examined the table. "Look at these marks."

"We forgot to close that window you opened when it was so warm yesterday. I do hope he did not get into the pantry."

"But alas, what a sight met their eyes on looking in there. Overturned benches and fragments of broken dishes, while but bones remained of all the meat they had cooked the day before."

"Well, well," said Alice, "what will Mrs. Willard say? Not a thing left for breakfast."

"Just then Mrs. Willard came in, attracted by their exclamations. "Why, girls, who did this?"

"Some prowling dog must have climbed in through the window," answered Mary.

"It is too bad; but, I suppose it cannot be helped now," said Mrs. Willard. "It has been snowing during the night, and maybe Mr. Willard can trace the dog."

"He has had a feast, anyway," said Alice, as she gathered up the broken dishes.

"Yes, and to think we slept through it all," remarked Mary.

'Great was Mr. Willard's astonishment to find a bear's tracks instead of a dog's. No doubt the smell of the doughnuts through the open window had tempted him to go in. It was easy to see his trail in the new-fallen snow, and as they followed the tracks around the camp they found the swill barrel tipped over, and the swill scattered around for twenty feet. Mr. Bruin had evidently been thirsty after his feast, and in trying to get a drink had got fast in the barrel, for they could see the place where he had rolled over and over to clean his fur.

'What a scene of bustle and excitement ensued. One man was sent to enlist the aid of Jake Smith, an old hunter, who lived on the shore of the lake about half a mile from there. He and his two large dogs would prove useful allies in a bear hunt. The rest of the men hurriedly collected their guns and in a short time were following the trail of the bear. After crossing a ridge, they traced him into a cedar swamp joining a marsh that lay parallel with the lake.

'The dogs dashed forward on the trail, the men following as rapidly

as the nature of the woods permitted. After going in this way nearly a mile, the men heard the barking of the dogs more to the east, and Smith exclaimed: "They have caught up with the bear. He has taken to the ridge again. Come on, boys!"

'As they gained the eminence the sounds reached their ears more clearly, and they pressed forward with renewed vigor. In a few moments they caught sight of the fierce animal, holding both dogs at bay. He was standing on his haunches, his eyes ablaze and red with rage as he struck right and left with his huge and shaggy paws. It was easy to see that the dogs were getting the worst of the fight. They were wounded in several places, and their jaws were flecked with foam.

'Smith, being the nearest, raised his rifle to his shoulder and the forest rang with echoes of the report. The bullet had done its work well, for the huge beast gave a despairing clutch, a groan, and its struggles were over.

'As Mary and Alice looked at the dead bear that day, they could not help giving a shudder. "To think we slept so soundly and that animal prowling around in the kitchen beside us."

"Yes," said Alice, "and it was the first time we had shut our bedroom door for a week. If it had been open, the bear would have been in there, too, I suppose."

"I think you both have good reason to be thankful to-day," said Mrs. Willard.

"Yes, indeed," said Mary, "but I am sure hereafter that our bedroom door will be locked."

'And now, children, if you will look at that rug in front of the grate, you can see the skin of the bear that was an unexpected Thanksgiving guest, for I worked in the lumber woods then, and purchased it from Mr. Willard.'

### Dick's Fact.

'Teacher told us,' said Dick, quite out of breath from running so fast, 'to bring a fact to-morrow to school to tell about.'

'A fact!' said mother. 'What is that for?'

'So we will know how to use our eyes and tell things afterward,' ex-

plained Dick, stretching his own eyes very wide open.

Mother laughed, and said: 'Well, Dick, it's a fact that I'm very glad you are at home, for I need your help very much to run down town to the market, to the post-office and to the drygoods store.'

When Dick got home with all the things in his express waggon, supper was ready, and after supper he helped his mother with the dishes, so sister could study her geography.

Then it was bedtime, and the next morning he was so busy that he forgot all about the 'fact' until he was almost at the school house.

He stopped to think about it, and just then a window in a little white house across the street flew open, and a voice cried out: 'Dicky, boy, come here, I want to show you something.'

Some dear friends of his lived there, and it generally meant delicious sugary cookies when they called to him; so he went in very willingly, for the school house clock told him he had plenty of time.

Miss Amelia could not walk without crutches, and Dick felt very sorry for her.

She was in her wheel chair now, and she rolled it over by the window while her mother went to get the cookies, and there on the sunshiny pane was a great crimson and black butterfly.

'I found this,' said Miss Amelia, taking a brown pod from the mantel-shelf, 'last fall in the porch, and I threw it into my workbasket. Last night I could not sleep, for I thought a mouse was scratching, and this morning we found the pod open, and this lovely butterfly. This pod is a cocoon, Dick.'

'Oh, I'll have that to tell for my fact!' said Dick, stuffing his pockets with the cookies. 'Thank you!'

So when the teacher called for facts, Dick stood up very straight, and said:

'Miss 'Melia, my friend, who gives me cookies, found a coon in the porch last fall, and when it was in her basket a long time, it turned into a mouse, and then to a butterfly.'

The scholars laughed a little, but they were much interested when the teacher explained about the caterpillar, the cocoon and the butterfly Dick had not understood.—'The Outlook.'





## LESSON X.—DECEMBER 8.

## Moses and Pharaoh.

Exodus xi., 1-10. Memory verses 4-7. Read chapters iii. to x.

## Golden Text.

'The angel of his presence saved them.'—Isaiah lxiii., 9.

## Lesson Text.

(1) And the Lord said unto Moses, Yet will I bring one plague more upon Pharaoh, and upon Egypt; afterwards he will let you go hence; when he shall let you go, he shall surely thrust you out hence altogether. (2) Speak now in the ears of the people, and let every man borrow of his neighbor, and every woman of her neighbor, jewels of silver, and jewels of gold. (3) And the Lord gave the people favor in the sight of the Egyptians. Moreover, the man Moses was very great in the land of Egypt, in the sight of Pharaoh's servants, and in the sight of the people. (4) And Moses said, Thus saith the Lord, About midnight will I go out into the midst of Egypt: (5) And all the first-born in the land of Egypt shall die, from the firstborn of Pharaoh that sitteth upon his throne, even unto the firstborn of the maid-servant that is behind the mill; and all the firstborn of beasts. (6) And there shall be a great cry throughout all the land of Egypt, such as there was none like it, nor shall be like it any more. (7) But against any of the children of Israel shall not a dog move his tongue, against man or beast: that ye may know how that the Lord doth put a difference between the Egyptians and Israel. (8) And all these thy servants shall come down unto me, and bow down themselves unto me, saying, Get thee out, and all the people that follow thee: and after that I will go out. And he went out from Pharaoh in a great anger. (9) And the Lord said unto Moses, Pharaoh shall not hearken unto you; that my wonders may be multiplied in the land of Egypt. (10) And Moses and Aaron did all these wonders before Pharaoh; and the Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart so that he would not let the children of Israel go out of his land.

## Suggestions.

When Moses and Aaron, his brother, first went before Pharaoh they asked only that he should allow the Israelites to go three days' journey into the wilderness to worship Jehovah, the true God. Pharaoh replied roughly that he did not know who the Lord was, and that he knew of no reason for letting the people go. Moreover, Pharaoh was so enraged at these people for asking this small favor, that he at once commanded that their work should be made a great deal harder. They had been hard at work making bricks without pay and now he commanded in addition to their making the same number of bricks every day as before, they should also find their own straw to put in the bricks.

Then the people of Israel complained to Moses that his efforts had only increased their bondage. Moses wondered why this had happened and he asked God what he should do next. The Lord God sent Moses and Aaron to perform miracles before Pharaoh that he might see that their God had supernatural power. When Pharaoh paid no heed to these miracles, God sent plagues upon him and his people. All of these plagues were blows against the heathen worship of their river, their cattle, the sun and moon. The plagues were as follows:—I. Turning the rivers into blood. II. Frogs. III. Lice. IV. Flies. V. Murrain on the cattle. VI. Boils. VII. Hail. VIII. Locusts. IX. Darkness that could be felt. X. Death of the firstborn.

After the ninth plague, the fearful darkness that could be felt, with its accompanying terrors of depression and awe, Pharaoh commanded Moses that he should see his face no

more. Moses had replied with dignity that he would indeed see his face no more. Pharaoh had during every plague promised to let the Israelites go, but always as soon as the terror was past he hardened his heart and refused to keep his promises. Then the Lord God sent upon Pharaoh and the Egyptian the last plague, that terrible judgment which made the whole country glad to get rid of the people whose God was Lord of life and death. The last plague was a terrible retribution. The Egyptians had sought to cripple and decimate the Israelites by destroying their infant sons, now the God of the Israelites announced that for their wickedness and hardness of heart, he would destroy all the firstborn of the Egyptians and of their cattle. In every household mourning and lamenting should be heard for the eldest child. But none of the children of Israel were to suffer, the curse was withheld from them that all the world might see that they were the chosen people of the great omnipotent God.

All lesser punishments had failed in rendering Pharaoh willing to let the people go; but they had prepared the king and the people so that the last great plague could succeed; so, that not only he will let you go hence, but he shall surely thrust you. . . . hence altogether.

In preparation for this the people were advised to obtain some small portion of what they had earned. Let every man borrow of his neighbor, . . . jewels of silver, and . . . gold. The translation of two words in this account, 'borrowed' and 'lent' (Ex. xi., 2; xii., 35-36), has been peculiarly unfortunate, because it gives an entirely false impression, and charges a dishonest command on the part of God, and a dishonest transaction on the part of the Israelites, at the very time of their most exalted spiritual services. The Israelites did not 'borrow,' but 'asked for,' as in R. V., 'jewels of silver and jewels of gold,' and garments. And the Egyptians did not 'lend' but 'gave,' 'let them have' them. The word 'is the same as when Sisera "asked" water and Jael gave him milk, and when Solomon "asked" wisdom, and did not "ask" long life, neither "asked" riches, neither "asked" the life of his enemies.'—Chadwick. It was the same as asking 'backshish' in these modern days among the Orientals. Having no banks, they carry their property on their persons in the form of jewels as well as money. The custom is universal to give presents at the close of any service, as an expression that the service was satisfactory. The Israelites did exactly what is done down to the present day, only the Lord made them unusually liberal. Thus the Israelites had some reward for their long services, and we understand how they had so much silver and gold in the wilderness.—Peloubet's Notes.

## C. E. Topic.

Sun., Dec. 8.—Topic.—The right use of ability. Matt. v., 13-16.

## Junior C. E. Topic.

## TRAVELLERS OF OLD.

Mon., Dec. 2.—He went by faith.—Heb. xi., 8.

Tues., Dec. 3.—Dreaming at Bethel.—Gen. xxviii., 10-12.

Wed., Dec. 4.—Jonah's voyage.—Jonah i., 4-7; 11, 12.

Thu., Dec. 5.—The Magi of the east.—Matt. ii., 1-2; ii., 7-10.

Fri., Dec. 6.—The Ethiopian's return.—Acts viii., 26-28.

Sat., Dec. 7.—Paul's travels.—Acts xviii., 1; xxi., 1-3; xxviii., 11-14.

Sun., Dec. 8.—Topic.—Lessons from Bible travellers. (Abraham, Jacob, Jonah, the Wise Men, Paul, Ethiopian Eunuch.)

Be earnest in the lesson. Have something interesting to say. That was not vanity which led one to say: 'I know I am not as clever as many, but if I take twice the pains I can do as well as most.' Ah, that's the secret. Time and pains. It is not the brilliant teacher before the Sunday-school class or the brilliant preacher in the pulpit who does the best work. The men and women of moderate talent who are really in earnest, whose hearts are alive to truth and the best interests of those whom they serve—these confer the greatest blessing upon their fellows.



## Over Life's Low Tide.

(By E. L. Vincent, in 'American Messenger'.)

'I don't suppose you have anything for me to do, have you?'

The young man to whom this question was addressed turned slowly and looked at the stranger, who had come in so quietly that he had not heard his footsteps.

'Oh, I'm nothing but a tramp,' the newcomer went on, seeing the questioning look on the face of the owner of the mill. 'I might have gone on and spared you the trouble of refusing me. I know what you will say—hard times, low prices, little to do. It is all true. Good day.'

David Gregg stared at the stranger curiously. This was such a change from the way men usually approached him for work.

'See, here!'

There was a command in David's tone, and the stranger came back.

'What can you do?'

'A little of everything. I suppose I would look best out there shovelling coal into the engine.'

'Think you could keep steam up? It is no play to run that engine. If it fails to do its work, the whole mill stops.'

Did David see something like a smile shining in the stranger's eyes?

'I know something of an engine.'

'Come this way.'

David led the way to the engine-room, and for half-an-hour watched the man as he handled the engine. He seemed to understand the machine perfectly.

They went back into the office, and David said:

'There isn't any steady work just now, but our engineer wants a few days off, and if you would like the place you may come to-morrow morning.'

David held out a piece of money as he spoke. The man shook his head.

'Not till I have earned it,' and he passed from the room.

David thought of the stranger many times that day. How did it come about that a man of so much intelligence should be going about in that way? He must know more about him before he went away.

David Gregg was a young man to hold the responsible position of owner of such a great mill. Not long before, his father had died, leaving him this factory as a legacy. But he had learned the business thoroughly during his father's life-time, and was succeeding well. He had the rare gift of reading men's faces, and it seemed to him that in his visit of that afternoon there were great possibilities. When the man came back next morning David noticed a great change; he was cleanly washed and brushed. The smile certainly was on his face now.

All that day the stranger stood at his post like a watchful sentinel. The monster engine obeyed him like a child in the hands of a giant.

So things went on for several days. Then the regular engineer returned, and the new man went into the office to receive his pay before going. The smile had taken its departure.

'So you are out of a job again,' said David, cheerfully.

'Yes.'

'And you are sorry?'

'Of course, I don't want to crowd the old man out. It has been a comfort to have something to do, though.'

'Did you ever do anything in the way of office work?'

'I kept a set of books for some time. I am rusty now.'

The sad look deepened.

'Well, it happens just now that I could use a bookkeeper. I have been keeping my books myself; but orders are coming in fast, and I wish you would stay with me for a while.'

The look which came over the stranger's



face made David's heart glad. The man put out his hand.

'This is too good to be true. It has been so long since anyone gave me a helping hand.'

'Come here at six to-night and we will talk it over further. I want you to do me a favor then. Now I wish to know your name. I have not learned it.'

'Edward Walker.'

'A good name.'

'Better than I deserve.'

Then the young man went out. David wanted his mother to see this man, and thought he would ask him to go home with him that evening.

Walker came at half past six. David wondered at the delay, for up to this time he had found the young man to be very punctual; but when Walker was fairly in the office it did not take him long to see that something was wrong. The flushed look upon his cheek told David the whole sad story.

For a moment, David knew not what to say. Now he knew why the young man had fallen to his present condition. What could he do? Could he carry out his promise to help Walker further? One thought troubled him. Then, what should he do about taking him to his home, as he had planned? The idea seemed repulsive to him at first; but the more he thought of it the surer he became that he ought to go on just as he had planned.

Walker sat at a window silently watching David, as he pulled down the top of his desk and prepared to go out.

'Come, I am ready.'

'Ready! You won't turn me over to the police? I know how I am. I went out this morning, feeling so happy because I found something to do! I did not mean to do anything wrong again; but I went past a place where some fellows like myself were lounging, and—you know how it was. I was tempted never to come back again; but I seemed drawn to do it.'

'I had no thought of turning you over to the police, Edward,' David said. 'I'm glad you came back.'

Yes, it was true. Much as David hated rum, and hard as it was for him to think of this man's fall, he was glad he had not gone beyond his reach. The Lord would tell him what to do next.

'Glad! You glad! God bless you for saying it!'

'Now I want you to go home with me,' David said, when they stood on the pavement. 'I promised my mother to bring you up to-night.'

'I can't do that!' Edward exclaimed, stopping short on the walk. 'I'll go anywhere with you but there! I have a mother myself, somewhere, and I wouldn't want her to see me in this way. Come, let me go back to the office.'

The thought of going home with David seemed almost to sober young Walker. A crisis had come into his life, and it must be met. If he went back now, all would be lost.

'We will walk up together. I know you will like mother when you see her,' David said, gently. 'You won't refuse me this favor?'

'I'd do anything for you but this!'

For some time they stood there almost silently. The battle was raging fiercely.

'I'll go with you,' Edward exclaimed at last. 'I know you think me a coward, but I am worse than that.'

That evening at the home of David Gregg and his mother came back to Edward Walker in after years like a sweet vision from the better world.

There was music and singing, in which all joined. The Bible was brought out, and David read a chapter. Prayer, earnest and heartfelt, followed, and when the evening was gone and David showed his guest to his room, Edward said:

'Isn't there a passage in the Bible like this: "I was a stranger and ye took me in; I was sick and ye visited me?" Just such a poor, sin-sick stranger I am, and I have been received into your home and hearts as if I had been a king. While we were singing, these words and many more like them, which my mother used to read to me, came back to my mind. Now I am myself again, and I tell you that, the Lord helping me, no one will ever see me yield again to the temptation of strong drink.'

And with the Lord as his helper, Edward Walker remained ever true to his promise.

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## Correspondence

Malakoff.

Dear Editor,—My brother takes the 'Messenger,' and I like to read the Correspondence. I am in the fourth class. Our teacher's name is Miss Minnie Manes. My birthday is on March 2. I go to St. John's Church. Our house is near a marsh. I like to pick the flowers. In the spring, my brother and I make a raft and we often go for a sail.

BOWER BRADLEY. (Aged fourteen.)

Gillies, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in New Ontario, in the White Fish Valley. It is a new country; we just came here one year ago last spring. There were very few settlers here then, but there are new ones coming all the time. Each settler gets 160 acres of land free. We like to see good settlers coming. We have no school here yet, but there is a school house started on one corner of our place. I have taken the 'Messenger' in my own name for quite a while. I think it is a nice paper. I have two brothers and two sisters. I am eight years old.

EVELYN B.

Banks, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Messenger' for nearly two years, and I like it very much. I go to day school and Sunday-school. I have no pet cats and dogs like a great many of your correspondents, but I have the dearest little sister in the world. I have three brothers, all younger than myself.

ETHEL M. B. (Aged ten.)

Belmont, Man.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for about three years and we like to read the letters, so I thought I would write one. I go to school every day and I like my teacher. Her name is Lizzie Kinley. I have four kittens and we have one dog, his name is Collie. I have no papa, he died three years ago and we do feel very sorry.

SUSIE M. (Aged 8.)

Hyde Park, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Northern Messenger' at Sunday-school. I am a girl. I have one sister and two brothers; one of my brothers is in heaven. One of them is a baby. I was nine year old on June 16. I go to Sunday-school and I go to school. I am in the second book. My sister is four years old.

LOUISE A. R.

Central Kempt, Yar. Co., N. S.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I am ten years old. I live on a farm. My papa is dead. I have one brother and sister, they are twins, they are thirteen years old. I have four pets: a dog, his name is Nebbie; and a cat and two kittens. We have a horse, his name is Harry, and three cows, and quite a lot of young cattle. We have a nice orchard with over three hundred apple trees. We have a nice Sunday-school all the year. I have only missed two Sundays since last spring. We live two miles and a half from the church. Our minister's name is the Rev. David Patterson. He is a great worker. We all belong to the White Ribbon Army. I go to school and like our teacher. I am in the seventh grade. We have a mile to walk. I have taken the 'Messenger' three years. I like it very much. I would like to know how many of your little ones are trying to live a Christian life. I am trying to be a Christian, and am going to work for Jesus, and if we commence to work for him when we are young, we will always be happy.

REGINA M.

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## HOUSEHOLD.

## The Baby.

'She is a little hindering thing.'  
The mother said;  
'I do not have an hour of peace,  
Till she's in bed.

'She clings unto my hands or gown,  
And follows me  
About the house, from room to room,  
Talks constantly.

'She is a bundle full of nerves,  
And wilful ways;  
She does not sleep full sound at nights,  
Scarce any days.

'She does not like to hear the wind,  
The dark she fears;  
And piteously she calls for me  
To wipe her tears.

'She is a little hindering thing,'  
The mother said;  
'But still she is my wine of life,  
My daily bread.'

The children—what a load of care  
Their coming brings!  
But, oh! the grief when God doth stoop  
To give them wings.

—Emma A. Lente, in 'Waif.'

## Selected Recipes.

**Dainty Crullers.**—Four tablespoons melted butter and lard, two eggs, one cup milk, one teaspoon cream of tartar, one-half teaspoon soda or one heaping teaspoon baking powder. Flavor with the grated outside of an orange, salt to suit taste. Fry evenly, and they never fail.—'Breadwinner.'

**Potato Soup.**—A good-sized dishful of potatoes, cut up, two, three, or even four onions, according to taste, and either a piece of bacon about a pound weight, or two pounds of the scrag or neck of mutton, water enough to let the potatoes dance well when they boil, which operation must be continued until they have become a pulp; then add pepper, and pour into a tureen. When you wish your potato soup to be extra good, press the potatoes through a colander, and add a pint of cream.

**Rice Pudding Without Eggs.**—To two quarts milk allow a scant cup raw rice, one-half cup melted butter, one-and-a-half cup

white sugar, one teaspoon each of salt and ground cinnamon, mix well together and let soak for an hour, then bake in a slow oven until done. Stir it occasionally during the first half hour. A cup of raisins or sliced citron may be added.

**Chocolate Fudge.**—One quarter of Baker's chocolate chopped fine, one-half of a pound

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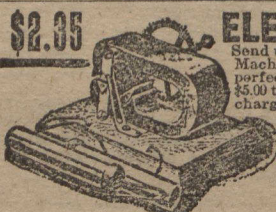
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of granulated sugar, one cup of milk, one-quarter of a pound of butter. Melt the butter in a pan, add first the sugar, then the milk, and then the chocolate. Boil for twenty minutes, or until it balls in water. Just before taking off add one dessert spoonful of vanilla. Pour into pans and set aside to cool. Stir all the time.

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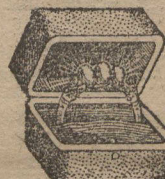
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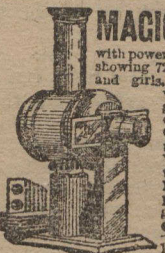
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